EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

ISRAEL BORDER VILLAGE BY DAN WAKEFIELD

THE Nation

APRIL 7, 1956
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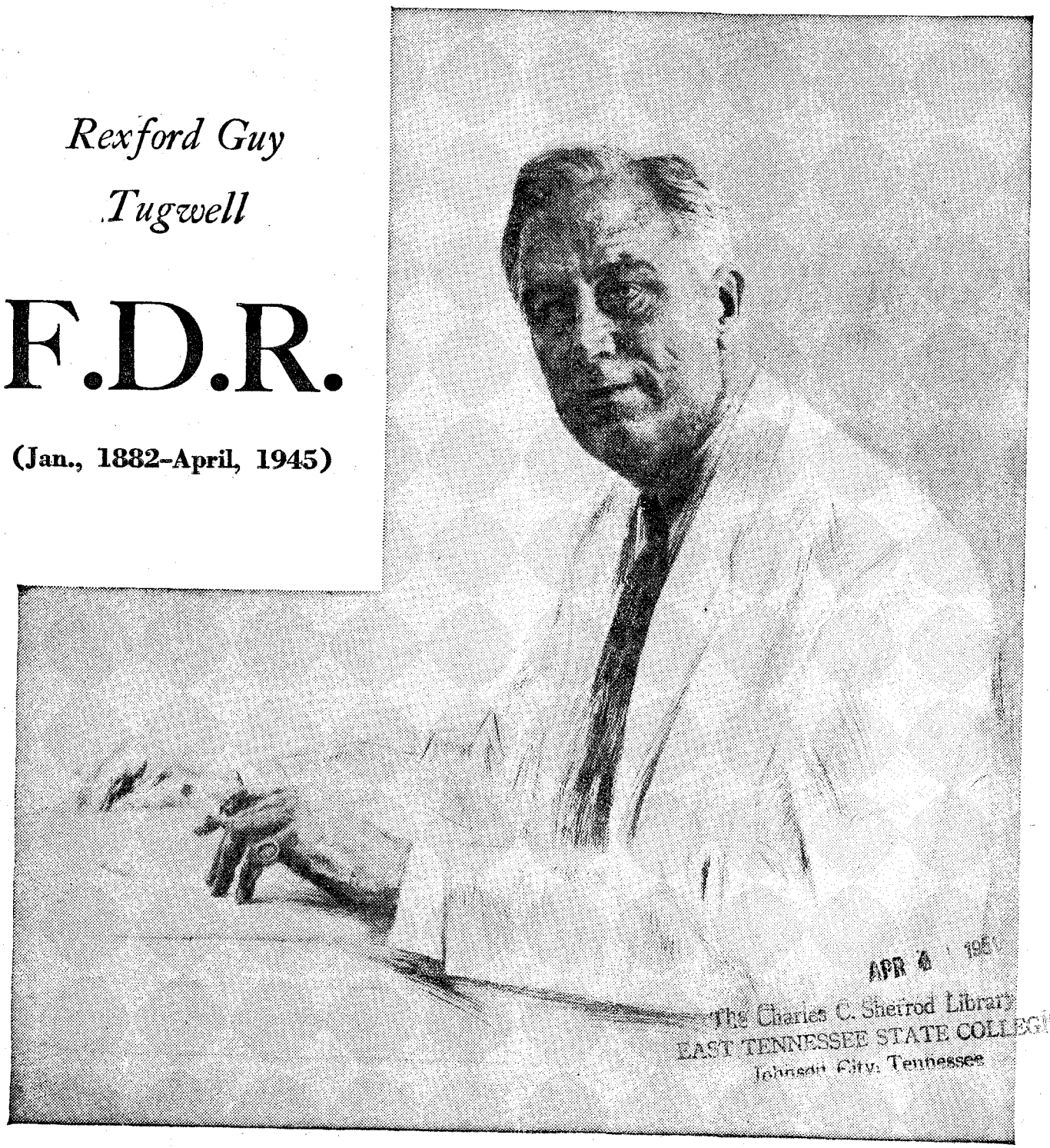
Rexford Guy Tugwell

F.D.R.

(Jan., 1882–April, 1945)



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Letters

An Anti-Melish View . . .

Dear Sirs: In your article on The Melish Affair (March 3) David L. Weissman says that the younger Melish came to Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, " to . . . ultimately succeed his father." This is known as nepotism and is a medieval abuse that has long been frowned upon by the church. "Nine of the eleven vestrymen . . . petitioned the . . . Bishop of Long Island to remove the elder Melish as rector" but "at a special parish meeting 90 per cent voted for the removal of the nine vestrymen." Since the vestrymen are elected at the regular parish meeting by popular vote, an obvious explanation of this 90 per cent vote is that the special meeting was packed. "The two present wardens . . . leading spirits in the *Committee to Retain the Rector* . . . now joined four of the vestrymen" in opposing the younger Melish. Presumably this majority of the freely elected vestry had reasons they considered good for taking this stand and the two wardens for changing their minds. "The younger Melish said: . . . 'The instant the people of this parish in open meeting indicate . . . that they have lost faith in their minister . . . you may have my instant resignation.'" But the younger Melish was simply a supply priest and therefore could not resign from a position he did not hold.

"The two wardens" are said to be guilty of "a breach of faith" for not abiding by a five-year-old resolution of the vestry, although they were "not then members of the vestry"! It is the custom in the Episcopal Church to regard six as both a quorum and a majority in a vestry of either nine or eleven, so presumably any civil law that would change this is unconstitutional; or what has become of the doctrine of the separation of church and state? The elder Melish is "ill and incapacitated" but is able to be "present in the chancel" during the battle of the psalms. It is true that the Bishop had "no power to supply a minister" but it was "the two wardens and four vestrymen" who "terminated the employment of the younger Melish" and who made arrangements "for the conduct of services by [The] Reverend Robert Kollock Thomas." Why should "the pro-Melish vestrymen" presume to remind the Bishop that "there are peaceful means for resolving all differences," when it is they who have been refusing to use them, while the Bishop has acted throughout in accordance with canon law? And why did the younger Melish suggest to the Bishop that he should have consulted him and "his people," when as a supply priest he had no such "people" and the Bishop was dealing with the "people" through their freely elected representatives as required by church law?

When "the younger Melish" was ordained priest, he gave an affirmative answer to the Bishop's question: "Will you reverently obey your Bishop and other chief ministers who, according to the canons of the church, may have the charge and government over you, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments?" Presumably in this case his Bishop's admonitions and judgments have been godly, since they have all been according to the canons of the church. In that case shouldn't he withdraw from the ministry of the Episcopal Church rather than break his ordination vows, if he finds them inconsistent with that "freedom of conscience, expression and association that tests a democratic society"? I find no such inconsistency myself.

(The Rev.) FRANK NORTH, Th.D.,
Priest of the
Diocese of Long Island
Sag Harbor, N. Y.

. . . And an Answer

Dear Sirs: When Dr. North wrote his letter on March 8 he did not of course know that within two days an authoritative answer would be forthcoming to several of the questions he raises. On March 10 Mr. Justice Edward G. Baker of the State Supreme Court filed his opinion (printed in the New York Law Journal of March 14) holding as follows: That "there are two steps involved in the calling of a rector in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The initial step is election by the vestry and that is governed by section 42 Religious Corporations Law. . . . The second step is governed by canonical law"; that "to constitute a quorum under the statute, it was necessary that there be present at the meetings aforesaid, in addition to the two church wardens, a 'majority of the vestrymen'; and the majority required was a majority of the number provided for in the charter of the Church"—that is, seven in all; and that, since there were only six present at the meetings, the actions taken "were a nullity and the subsequent [canonical] proceedings, although regular, were ineffectual to validate Rev. Sidener's election."

Dr. North suggests that it is "customary" in the Episcopal Church to regard six as a quorum and that a civil law which requires a greater number is unconstitutional as a violation of the doctrine of separation of church and state. Justice Baker points out that canon 23 of the canons of the Diocese of Long Island, which prescribes the procedure for the selection and election of a rector, "makes no provision whatever with respect to the manner in which vestry meetings shall be called, nor does it contain any provision as to what shall constitute a quorum of the vestry. But the word 'meeting' as used in the canon obviously means a meeting legally called and composed. It seems clear that these matters were intended to be and are governed by the provisions of the Religions Corporations Laws, Section 42."

Dr. North seems to question the pro-Melish majority as "packed." Dr. North and others of his mind had opportunity to test their views at the annual parish meeting on April 2.

Dr. North, on the presumption that in this case "the Bishop's admonitions and judgments have been godly," suggests that Rev. Melish should withdraw from the ministry if he finds them inconsistent with his freedom of conscience, expression and association. The court to which the Bishop's forces appealed for redress found that in this case his admonitions and judgments were not godly; that he was intruding in a matter of civil law where his voice has no greater weight

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Taps for the 1930's . . *by Carey McWilliams*

THE AMERICAN liberal movement, it is said, suffers from an acute case of nostalgia. The accuracy of the accusation—and we accept it as that—must be conceded. In the years since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, liberals have been motivated more by an unacknowledged desire to recapture the elation of "the great days" of the 1930's, when they were "riding the crest of the wave," than by a determination to chart new courses. As a result, the liberal movement has remained tethered by a silver cord to the memories and experiences and associations of those fervent years.

There is, of course, a logical explanation for this feeling of nostalgia. No one who participated in liberal politics in those years will want to forget the experience. There was excitement in the air and a sense of movement and achievement and purpose. In retrospect the freedom of the depression decade stands out in glaring contrast with the sick conformity of the 1950's. Then, too, the assaults on both the living and the dead—two of my dearest friends, Louis Adamic and F. O. Matthiessen, were "political" suicides—which began with the inception of the witch hunt, touched many liberals more deeply than the postwar generation can possibly imagine. These assaults, moreover, were deliberately aimed at impugning the ideals and values and purposes for which World War II was fought—and won. Anti-fascists of the 1930's will never admit that the war against the Axis powers was lost.

Then, too, the problem of overlapping generations has been a factor in the persistence of the nostalgia for the 1930's. Unfortunately the rise of one generation and the gradual withdrawal of another does not always neatly coincide with historical developments. The New Deal generation of liberals is still active but is being replaced by a generation that knows little at first hand of the New Dealers. For this new generation bonus marches, breadlines, soup kitchens, shacktowns, share-cropper roadside demonstrations, general strikes, campaigns to End Poverty in California, Memorial Day massacres, the migrations of the Joads and the like are phrases from a history book. This generation did not start, so to speak, where the New Deal generation left off; the New Deal generation is still about, graying a bit, less active, but still in place. The problem is that the middle-aged liberals who were anti-fascist and pro-New Deal have moved a bit to the Right but the new generation starts there (see C. P. Snow's comments in the issue of March 24). This new generation has not baited the middle-aged generation and prodded it into action; they have simply disagreed with their parents—a not uncommon experience. In a word, there has been a failure of communication based on dissimilarity in experience. One of the functions of bright sons is to disturb their fathers' reveries, to bring them up sharp when they start rhapsodizing about "the fervent years" when a bright light illumined the meadows and the pastures were a supernal green. The middle-aged liberals have not been needled; they've simply been ignored.

But there is still another aspect to the nostalgia of the American liberals. They have been tricked by their enemies into fighting the battles of the last war. Just as the Democrats romped to four easy triumphs over the Republicans by keeping the long-memoried GOP busily engaged in defending the policies and character and record of Herbert Hoover, so the liberals—and the Democrats generally—have too consistently risen to outrageous bait tossed at them by McCarthy and his colleagues. It is always a mistake for a party out of power to be lured into the position of debating the record of the Administration before the last. By throwing mud at marble figures of Roosevelt, by inducing the Democrats

SCHUMAN TO REPORT ON RUSSIA

Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian, professor of political science at Williams College and a frequent contributor to this magazine, will be writing a series of articles for *The Nation* based on a trip he is making to the Soviet Union beginning late in April.

"I have just concluded a contract with Alfred Knopf," Mr. Schuman has written us, "for a new book to be completed, Providence willing, late this year for publication in 1957, to be entitled, probably, *Russia Since 1917: Forty Years of Soviet Politics.*

"I am slated for an extensive tour, followed by additional time in Moscow for, I hope, a certain amount of interviewing and gathering of new materials on various phases of Soviet foreign and domestic policies."

The date on which Mr. Schuman's series will begin is still open, but it will probably be late in May. *Nation* readers will be informed.

THE EDITORS

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to take positions in a strictly phony "Battle over Yalta," by giving eager attention to the recollections of General McArthur and his pompous biographers, the Republicans have kept the Democrats on the defensive and the liberals demoralized. In a word, they have skillfully exploited the feeling of nostalgia.

The past can never be relived—even in reverie. Roosevelt is dead. Roosevelt belongs to history. Those who were devoted to him naturally find it hard to accept the fact. Liberals who came to maturity with the New Deal have a right to feel proud that they were active participants in one of the great historical advances of the American people. But this generation is still very much alive; it has not passed from the scene. It is more a part of the active present than of the past. This generation can never hope to "back into the future" by retreating into the warm, snug womb of the thirties. They may gain inspiration from listening to recordings of Roosevelt's great speeches and messages but they will never march into battle under his banner again. The magic voice is still; the man is gone. Yet, for reasons cited, we still find it difficult to accept the 1930's as part of history. We have been fighting so long, now, over the record and meaning of these years, and with such passion, that the past seems more real than the present.

By all means, therefore, let us honor the memory of Roosevelt. Let us continue to resist all attempts to "brainwash" those who were once partisans of the New Deal and let us feel pity for the liberals of that period who have repudiated their own past. But the time has come to cease looking homeward and to start walking down corridors that lead to the future.

THIS publication has a remarkable history. Almost any day's headlines give us cause to recall it and to be proud of it. For example, the civil-rights commission that President Eisenhower is about to propose stems directly from a proposal first advanced by Oswald Garrison Villard in 1912. Before his death, Mr. Villard gave me this account of what happened when, in 1912, he presented to President Woodrow Wilson a petition on behalf of the NAACP to appoint such a commission. "Wilson," he wrote me, "pretended to be much interested when I gave it to him, said he would give me an answer in due course and then refused to reply at all. When he was finally compelled to do so, he said he could not appoint it because he was a Democratic President from the South and the South would get the impression that he felt there was something to criticize in the attitude of the South on the Negro problem!" (The letter is dated May 4, 1943. Incidentally I took the suggestion from Mr. Villard, expanded it a bit, and made it the basis of a proposal for the creation of a Fair Racial Practices Act which was outlined in *Brothers Under the Skin* published in that year.)

It is because we are proud of *The Nation's* history that it will continue to make history as well as to record it. But it seemed appropriate to use this occasion not merely to honor the memory of F. D. R. but to sound "taps" for the dead issues of yesteryear. It may still be too early for the bugles to sound reveille—does anyone hear the surge and roar of the future in the bipartisan political pronouncements of April, 1956?—but the future is often implicit if unrecognized in the present. Out of today's vacuum-like political atmosphere great issues are being precipitated.

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The Nation Applauds

The Nation, reviving a practice of former years, intends periodically to pay its respects to individuals and groups who are writing constructive—and sometimes amusing—footnotes to contemporary history.

This time *The Nation* applauds:

1. Undersecretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., for his unsolicited revelation of one of the best-kept secrets of the cold war: that the Formosan Nationalists are shipping to the Communist Chinese hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods every year through Hong Kong.

2. To Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel of New Orleans for setting a fine example to religious leaders of all faiths in the South on the desegregation issue.

3. To Solicitor General Simon G. Sobeloff for persuading the Department of Justice to accept the decision

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of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals condemning the use of "secret informers" in the Coast Guard's waterfront screening program.

4. To the leaders of the Cleveland Bar Association, and to president Eugene H. Freedheim in particular, for the brisk rebuke meted out to William F. Tompkins, assistant attorney general, who had characterized lawyers who represent Smith Act defendants as "dupes of the Communists."

5. To the Regents of the University of California for finally awarding compensation to the sixteen faculty members who, in the summer of 1950, refused to sign the Regents' loyalty oath and who later won vindication in the courts.

6. To Norman Thomas for his leadership in seeking to raise funds for the defense of Alexander Trachtenberg and George Blake Charney, Smith Act defendants.

7. To the New York *Times* for its timely survey of race relations in the South and to Homer Bigart for his fine dispatches to that paper from Cyprus.

8. To the cast and the audience of a recent performance of the musical comedy *Fanny*, now playing at the Majestic in New York: to the audience for refusing to be panicked by a small fire which broke out backstage; to the cast because, in recognition of this sensible behavior, it returned the audience's applause at the end of the performance.

[*Contributions from readers are solicited. Items should not be more than one sentence in length; if unused, they will not be returned unless self-addressed stamped envelope is provided.*]

Cardenas Wins a Prize . . . *by George Yamada*

Mexico City

LAZARO CARDENAS was the last of Mexico's "revolutionary" Presidents. During his regime in the depression decade of the thirties, he expropriated powerful foreign oil interests and completed many of the democratic reforms begun by his predecessors. Since his retirement fifteen years ago, he has never sought to meddle in domestic affairs, refusing to capitalize on the reverence with which the Mexican people still regard him. Only occasionally has he spoken up, and then only on questions of broad international principle. The last time he did so was against U. S. complicity in the Guatemalan revolt which overthrew the democratically-elected Arbenz regime.

Cardenas' enemies, here and abroad, have called him a Bolshevik, a Red, a tool of Moscow. They heard with glee the news that he had been awarded a Stalin Peace Prize; here was proof that Mexico's venerated elder statesman was indeed a Russian pawn. But their joy proved shortlived.

The presentation of the prize took place on February 26 in a theatre that was literally packed to the walls. Children were lifted to the shoulders of their parents; often three persons occupied a single seat; standees clung to curtains, to lighting fixtures —anything that would give them an anchor in the crush. The street outside was equally packed; people piled onto their balconies and climbed on the roofs of parked cars.

Gregory V. Alexandrov, Soviet movie director sent from Moscow to represent the Stalin Prize committee, beamed as he made his presentation speech. Cries of "Viva Khrushchev!" broke many times from the audience. "Viva Alexandrov!" "Viva Bulganin!" "Viva Cardenas!"

CARDENAS sat through the presentation speech tight-lipped and unsmiling. When he rose to respond, a prolonged ovation greeted him. He waited quietly until the noise abated. Then he announced that while he was accepting the Soviet accolade, he was refusing the 100,000 rubles that went with it. The more sensitive among the audience already sensed, perhaps, something of what was coming.

"The cause of war between nations," he said, "is not the mimeographed propaganda of the Soviets nor some Western maneuver against the USSR, but the lack of respect for democratic rights." With Alexandrov and other Soviet dignitaries sitting hardly more than an arm's length from his position at the center of the stage, Cardenas lashed out at dictatorships which deny liberty to the people and repress the exercise of individual rights guaranteed by popular constitutions. He charged that, in violation of the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man, independent thinkers who denounced dogma and abuse of power are persecuted. (Asked subsequently by a reporter to which nation specifically he was referring, Cardenas replied: "I think it is clear.") "There is no country in the world that does not desire peace," he asserted. But, he continued, declarations, letters and verbal promises of peace lacked meaning so long as there was no respect for individual liberty and the sovereignty and security of governments democratically elected by their subjects. "The partisans of violence create an environment of insecurity that must be removed to show mankind that pacific arrangements among peoples are more durable than the illusory triumph of war. . . . The grave is not war but injustice in all its forms."

Cardenas sat down besides his wife and son. In the five-minute ovation that followed, there were no more cries of "Viva Khrushchev!" or "Viva Bulganin!" There were only cries of "Viva Cardenas!" The elder statesman of the Mexican revolution had again shown the greatness and independence of his spirit, his hatred for totalitarianism, his abiding passion for the dignity and the freedom of individual man.

GEORGE YAMADA is a young American writer now living in Mexico.

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F.D.R.: LIVING MEMORIALS

Anniversary Tribute . . *by Rexford G. Tugwell*

MEN WHO have been powerful during crises throw long and lasting shadows. Even after they are gone the shadows linger. We are now in the second decade after Franklin D. Roosevelt's death. But he seems still to be known in the places he was known in when he lived. People and things are reluctant to surrender his influence. The Republicans rather fondly run against him more than against his successors; and the Democrats, with or without justification, claim to have inherited his policies. As for the ordinary individuals from whose approval his strength came, the sense of loss they felt in April of 1945 has only been deadened by time's passing: it has not really grown less. They wish he were still President; and they have an incorrigible tendency to ask, when trouble arises, "What would he have done?"

He cast an unusually long shadow. It seems especially long at Warm Springs and at Hyde Park; but it also lives over Albany and Washington; and across the world too his influence is still felt. Perhaps I should say the lack of it is felt. For people live in daily danger; and they feel that he might lift it from them if he were here.

This lasting importance has its own special irony. He was so seriously stricken with polio in 1921 (when he was thirty-nine) that for a time his life was in jeopardy. And for several years afterward his struggle back toward reasonable management of his body was so severe as to monopolize at least half his time and require most of his energy.

For most men this would have ended any thought of a career. Franklin was not content to become merely a country gentleman as fate seemed to have determined and as his imperious mother urged. He was still to become Governor of New York, President of the United States and leader in the world.

The original of the cover drawing for this issue of The Nation *(the above is a detail) is a favorite of Mrs. Roosevelt's and hangs in her New York apartment among photographs and sketches of family and friends. The artist is Oskar Stoessel, a Viennese who fled Austria after the Anschluss. In this country he was provided with a letter of introduction to F. D. R. by George Messersmith, who had been American Ambassador to Austria when Hitler took over the republic. The President sat for the portrait in 1940.*

Hyde Park

SPRINGWOOD, the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park, is a national monument now. If you go there on an ordinary day of clement weather you will move through a guided course in company with a sight-seeing crowd, a crowd so numerous, sometimes, that there is scarcely elbow room in the house itself and even the outdoor paths are congested.

Many of those who come are obviously families, and, as time passes, fewer of their individual members have any memory of the man whose home this was. Very rapidly this Roosevelt too is merging into the Presidential tradition with Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and all the others. Nowadays if you follow a family group you are likely to overhear one of the older folk, perhaps a father, trying to convey to the younger ones something of the emotion he is experiencing. The children are apt to be unimpressed; they are at a loss to understand the sudden catch in a usually phlegmatic father's voice or even furtive tears in a mother's eyes. But often they are startled into an awareness that they are sharing something precious.

For the generation which has no recollection of the living Roosevelt, the weight of history obscures the sense of his personality. Only some shock opens the eyes of youngsters to what they are seeing. But they are sometimes so impressed with the emotion of their elders that they do see at Springwood what it was intended that they who are posterity should see.

For this is a creation deliberately planned and carefully executed, over a long time, to have a certain effect. The exact effect intended is, I think, very often in the minds of present-day visitors.

Springwood is not so ancient as it seems. Generations of Roosevelts did not live here in the environment now on exhibit. The place was bought by Franklin's father, James; and it was Franklin himself who rebuilt an old house to become the one you now see. That was no longer ago than 1915. So the solid elegance, referable to no consistent style, but having a treaty of friendship with all its surroundings, is not the creation of distant ancestors any more than of an architect with a model in his head.

The house seems generous but its scale is not actually grand; only one room is of notable size—the library on the south which has the marble

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REXFORD GUY TUGWELL, one of President Roosevelt's early "brain trusters," served in the Roosevelt Administration in the Department of Agriculture and as governor of Puerto Rico. He is at work on a book about F. D. R.

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mantels on either end with ancestral Roosevelts over them in oils. This room, like everything else hereabouts, reflects the man who planned and built it. If you spend some hours in it, one after another of his characteristics open out to you.

You see that its proportions are plain and rectangular but very just and gracious; no taste, you might say, but a feel for proportion. You descend into this room from the somewhat higher floor of the old central rooms; and, as you pause on the steps, you have an immediate sense of occupancy. This is, however, something you feel in the whole house. The man you perhaps heard over the radio years ago, whose being President was a comfort to you in troubled times—of depression, if you are getting to be elderly, of war, if you are only middle-aged —might very well just have moved from the room you are in to another one close by.

In the big library you can think of him easily, sitting beside the fire, absorbed for an hour with his stamp collection, drafting a paper, or entertaining friends after dinner. Around him are books that he collected and looked into occasionally, rare ones among them, having to do with naval lore or local history. There are small objects with some meaning to him which seem somehow very intimate and representative. But above all there is the general air of comfort, of leisure, and of an established way of living. You feel the serenity. What was thought out here might be well thought out.

YOU LOOK out toward the southwest and there down the slope below you is the Hudson and far across it the Catskills. It is as easy to think of the crippled man, allowed an hour from his exercise, on the porch there in summer or wrapped against the chill of fall, as it is to visualize him beside the fire.

But you can see him just as easily again in the old dining room, which seems to be all mahogany and silver, because you have always heard how charmingly he presided at table and never so weary or harassed that he failed to be the kind of host who is the center of attention. And in the small, dark study, where, you know, so many decisions were made and so much persuading done of which there will never be any record, the shadows still seem alive with conversation.

And upstairs, you go down a hall with bedrooms, quite simple but comfortable, opening off it. And on one door there is a plate saying that it was once occupied by a King and Queen. You may wonder why that was put there. The royal visit was surely not so high a light in the story of this house as that would seem to imply. Many other royal persons stayed here if it comes to that; but also a succession of important Americans could be catalogued if anyone cared to do it.

Some of those who meant something in the furthering of Franklin's large designs, maybe even the King, went further down the hall before breakfast to talk with him as he sat in his bed in the room over the library. He would be in his old gray sweater, cigarette alight, newspapers littered across the bed and on the floor, last night's detective story on the bedside stand. Persiflage might very quickly have given way to important matters before that conversation ended. You can almost hear some manoeuver being hatched.

AN establishment of the sort that Springwood was would have seemed an anachronism any time after the depression for anyone but a business tycoon. It could only be maintained because by 1928 Franklin was Governor of New York and never again out of office; and because official servants supplemented the dwindling resident staff. We know that Franklin contemplated retirement to Hyde Park; but it would not have been to the Springwood home. He had built a house several miles away—now sold out of the family—which he called "hilltop cottage"; and he expected Springwood to be exactly what it is today, a national monument, where all posterity might come in reminiscent mood.

To be sure, as his second term advanced, he conceived and executed his auxiliary plan. This was for the library and museum—the one to have all his papers; the other to exhibit objects he had collected about him during his life. This was to be, and is, a place of public resort. He presented the old house and its grounds to the government and arranged that it should be available for scholars as well as for the merely curious or those whose sentiment drew them there. The library and museum he firmly insisted should be designed in the Hudson Valley Dutch manner, a style he was partial to. The result is happy in that neighborhood.

In that library he designed and arranged a room to be his workroom in retirement. His friends and collaborators, Sam Rosenman and Harry Hopkins, were to have homes near by. They were all to work there, sorting out papers and writing memoirs, as age descended on them and their participation in the world's events became less and less.

He worked in the library room a few times at the desk to be seen there; but the feel of him is not the vivid one conveyed by other rooms. There the sense of his presence is strong and does not diminish.

HE lies beneath the specified block of marble in the rose-garden only a few yards from the house. The garden is enclosed by a high evergreen hedge so old that it outdates all the Roosevelts in this neighborhood. But then most of the trees outdate them, too. We know how Franklin cared for trees; and we know that he planted acres of them; but those are in the wood-lots distant from the house. The ancient specimens close by were already mature when Franklin climbed them as a boy; they are now fast reaching the age of replacement, many of them shored up in one or another way. But although he was not responsible for them any more than he was for any of the other features of the land, they merge so perfectly into the Springwood whole that they seem inseparable from it. He came to terms with his surroundings. He knew how to enhance them.

At Mount Vernon it is difficult to think of a living Washington; Monticello seems too polished to be true but Springwood is somehow incredibly far from being a frozen shrine. It seems not to be disarrayed by tramping feet, sullied by inane remarks, or dulled by the boredom of children. It lives and glows with a special elegant but homely air, a reminder of victories over hostile forces achieved through leadership in true democratic fashion. The man who built this home and lived in it was an aristocrat, but he was taught and never forgot the principles of *noblesse*.

The sophisticated student tells

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himself, as he contemplates the garden scene, that it was all planned this way for the glorification of a personality far into the future. It was an attempt to manage history. What he tells himself of this sort tends to escape his most determined skepticism; it comes over him that the effect anyhow is salutary. The man born in the elegant house near-by symbolizes the American dream just as well as he would if he had come from the traditional log cabin to the grave in this hedged square of roses. A man may be a democrat from whatever environment he comes.

Warm Springs

ONLY TO the extent that we are capable of sharing another's suffering can we understand that the Warm Springs institution was built on one man's agony. It continued to grow even when his hope of relief had vanished; as it grew it expressed the creative energies of a cripple wholly unreconciled to his helplessness, determined that his enemy disease should sometime be conquered. The contagion of sympathy entered into it. Where there was one man struggling in a tumbling pool of blue-green water to get back the mastery of his legs, there are now hundreds and hundreds who struggle as he did. They began to come as the rumor of hope spread. He set himself to see that none should be turned away.

Those who go to Warm Springs now have more expert care than he ever got; and much of the improvement is owed to the incredible exertion, the unremitting study, the measureless determination of his battle with the dead legs which were his curse from 1921 until he died. Again and again he thought he could feel running down them the first faint tremors of feeling; feeble impulses of control frequently seemed just about to arrive. He was always betrayed. He never got back any command at all of his lower body.

He did get, however, as an incident of the struggle for his legs, a magnificent torso. His arms, his chest, his shoulders, after years of hauling himself about, and swinging onto and off his wheel-chair, were those of an Atlas. It was a kind of compensation. And if you sat with him at table—and especially, I have

Drawing by Refregier

heard, if you were of the other sex—you found it hard indeed to remember the withered unseen legs. And if you saw him at his desk with his chin upthrust from his corded neck, muscular jaws gripping the long cigarette holder, the last thing you thought of was the reason he did not get to his feet when you came in.

So he did conquer the legs in the sense that he got the best of them, even though they never gave him back an instant of support.

It was after years of trying one thing after another, all of them calling for the toughest resolution, and for physical effort carried to the exhausting limit, that he heard of warm-water therapy. It was after several rather unsatisfactory seasons of this among the Florida Keys that he was told of Warm Springs and came to look.

There was a dilapidated old resort hotel and not much else besides the amazing spring. And it was a poor countryside. In that part of Georgia, and over into Alabama, there were worthless hills that grew weed-trees and little else. The towns were shabby, the kind where poor whites come to work in textile mills; and Warm Springs was hardly even a town. But the water came up out of the earth in a barrelling stream, warm and buoyant, full of minerals, and a heavenly enticing color. He got into the old pool and stayed for hours. He felt at once that it was good for him and would be good for others.

Before long, as everywhere and always, his impulse to improve his surroundings went to work here. He sunk more of his fortune in the enterprise than Eleanor or Louis Howe thought he ought. But their protests had no effect. And presently it could be seen that there would be no lack of patronage. It was impossible to keep ahead of the rush of those who wanted to try the buoyant water.

In the days before 1928, when he was a private citizen, he found that exercising in the water was at least more agreeable than hauling himself about on a railing, or setting himself to swing a rod further on braces and canes today than he had yesterday. He invented aqueous exercises. The doctors and nurses who began to come learned as much from him as he from them. He was, indeed, the chief physician. He played and worked with others under the Georgia sun before the pool was tamed and covered. And as he exercised he planned. He visualized a therapeutic center which should be cheerful as well as curative.

THEN when the call to the governorship reached him there, in 1928, and Al Smith, who was desperate about carrying even his own state in the Presidential race of that year, would not listen to his plea that he needed more time to get back his legs, and he had to give in, the financial load was lightened and generalized. Others began to help; and the Springs became an institution.

But he did not withdraw. He built a small house on a hillside, bought some near-by acreage, stocked it with beef cattle, worked on the trees and undertook to control erosion of the soil. He kept on coming when he could, especially in autumn and in spring. Then he shared the water again with the others, went with them on picnics, drove his small

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manually-controlled car about the country roads, inspected his cattle and trees and set at his table over the papers that came down from Albany in great packets. Georgia, he said, was his "other" state.

Always at Thanksgiving, and sometimes on other occasions, he presided over the feast in the great dining hall. His voice was as loud as any in the singing. And they say he could carve a turkey more skillfully than anyone they ever saw. For there are many still living who recall his presence there and who felt the pleasant shock of his personality. They are not now at Warm Springs. They know how much or how little the warm water could do for them; and they have long gone to other places.

All the time the big man with the withered legs was coming down to share the autumn woods or the shooting green of Spring, the mantle of destiny was settling on his wide shoulders. And almost before the bathers knew it, he was President of the United States, a living demonstration that polio can be conquered even when it has ravaged half a body.

Franklin still came to the Springs when he was President. It was growing rapidly now, what with Marches of Dimes and contributions from admirers; and the small house on the hill grew some appendages and was called locally the Little White House. He still exercised and played in the pool, drove his little car through the woods, and presided over the Thanksgiving feast. And he continued to do this for more than a decade, so that everyone got used to seeing a President about.

Now there were important people in a constant procession staying at the new hotel and running back and forth, when summoned, to the house up the hill. And the packets of papers grew to pouches bulging with them. Newspaper men were always about, and the secret service, and when the war came, there were soldiers.

The place was very different now from the bankrupt resort of the twenties among the sharp-smelling pines. The pines were still resinous in the sun and the hill country all about was just as poor. But, as in every part of the nation, there had been improvement—and here so much that it could be called a transformation.

There were hundreds of patients, dozens of doctors and nurses, and an atmosphere of solidity. It was still heart-breaking for the visitor not a patient to see the bright faces over twisted and tortured bodies, but he believed what he was told about the inroads now being made on the disease. He could even look about and think that maybe another generation would not need the Springs. The disease would have been conquered. If it was conquered it would be because, in the name of the President, funds had been gathered, labora-

"PVT": April 12, 1945 . . *by George Kirstein*

THE SIGNAL light on top of the hill flashed over the New Guinea jungle toward one of the ships, a navy transport, anchored in formation in Hollandia Harbor. "PVT" it flashed tentatively, "PVT," and then continued its regular blinking.

To the Lieutenant on duty, the code meant that the shore-station signalman was conducting an unofficial "private" conversation with the ship's signalman. The Navy encouraged this "batting the breeze" to increase the dexterity of its petty officers. The "PVT" conversations were all similar: the price of whiskey in Auckland, the best address in Brisbane and, most of all, how to get transferred from the shore station to "state-side."

As the Lieutenant watched, the flashing light stopped, and then blinked a series of dashes, the equivalent to clearing its throat, preparatory to transmitting an official message. "TO ALL SHIPS," it blinked, "THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD." The Lieutenant, having read the message, none the less played out the customary role by asking: "What does he say, Flags?" and the signalman repeated the message.

"The President of what, I wonder?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir," the signalman said, "the shore station didn't say."

On the stern staff of the little Dutch freighter anchored next in line, the tricolor flag fluttered down to half mast. "Maybe it's the Dutch President, sir," the signalman suggested helpfully. The officer said: "I don't think so. I think the Dutch have a Queen, Flags. Ask the shore station 'which President?'" The blinking light slammed out its brief question and the shore station blinked long once in acknowledgment.

A half an hour passed. The tropical heat became more intense as the sun crept toward its zenith. Finally, the shore signal light cleared its throat again, and across the harbor to the expectant ships came the message: "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS DEAD."

"Half mast the colors," the officer ordered, no longer pretending that only the signalman could read the code. He descended two decks and knocked on the Captain's cabin: "Captain," he said, "the shore station just sent a message that President Roosevelt died."

The Captain sat motionless a moment and asked softly of no one: "My God, what are we all going to do now?" The Lieutenant said, "I don't know, Captain. I feel like I've just been kicked in the stomach." There was a long silence and the Captain said, very gently. "It's time for the convoy to get under weigh, George. Have the anchor heaved in to short stay. Make all preparations to get under weigh."

"Aye, Aye, sir," the Lieutenant responded automatically and went out on the sun-baked deck. He passed hundreds of soldier passengers sitting on the decks trying futilely to stay cool. In the shade of a life boat, one soldier who had paused in the endless task of cleaning his carbine, was saying very seriously to his sweat-drenched companion: "You want to know something—he was the greatest bleeding man that ever walked this bleeding earth."

The ship trembled as the anchor chain started rumbling in, and the bow swung north toward the Philippines where the beleaguered troops were awaiting the convoy's reinforcement of men and guns and supplies.

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tories built, experiments carried out and one after another of the mysteries penetrated.

About the countryside there was improvement, too. The towns were sprucer, reflecting the Wages and Hours Law and assistance from federal funds for schools, hospitals, water systems and other public works. Federally-financed roads ran smoothly among the hills; and just off one, not far from Warm Springs, a state park named for the dead President recalled the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps. When the nation returned to its care for the land and other natural riches, and tired of temporizing with juvenile delinquency, the Civilian Conservation Corps might be reconstituted. It had been the invention Franklin had perhaps been proudest of. Nowhere had it been more useful than in this poor area of the South where land and people both had so much need of rehabilitation.

DEATH came to the President as he sat at his table over the familiar pile of papers in the living room of the house he had built. He was taken away in splendor, riding on a slow train, as Lincoln had ridden back to Springfield, with mourning people lined along the tracks. He thus left the Springs forever on his way to Washington and the Springwood rose garden designated for his burial.

But you can go and feel him there in the Little White House now. The house is open as though he might come wheeling in, his cigarette holder in his teeth, talking as he rolled, going up beside his table and swinging easily onto the chair behind it, ready to deal with the papers he always knew must be waiting, or to steal a half-hour with his stamp-books.

I myself recall especially one autumn when I was there and he followed several of us about the golf course in the small car still to be seen tipped toward curious visitors in its narrow stall under the living room, shouting ribald advice about our strokes; or sat on the ground among the oak leaves and pine needles and sang with us—*The Yellow Rose of Texas* was his specialty; or talked with the newspaper men and embarrassed me by turning to me for confirmation of something he said—the President of the United States!

Yes, you can feel him there. You will probably choke with emotion. Then you will know that you feel him.

Billy Graham in India

By P. Lal

Calcutta

ACCORDING TO Indian tradition, the religious man is marked by humility, charity and a degree of asceticism; his "worldliness" is supposed to be displayed in performing "social services" in the villages of the hinterland (services such as those rendered by the members of the Ramkrishna Mission Institute of Culture). In any case, immaculate blue suits, a wife and children, spotlights and microphones are not regarded as a suitable "environment" for a religious leader.

The Roman Catholic missionaries were the first to appreciate the reserve, personal simplicity and ethical rectitude which Indians expect of holy men. Despite the recent troubles arising from Catholic missionary work in Assam and other Northeastern states, the Roman emissaries are still the only ones who try to make their behavior conform in considerable measure to the spirit of the Indian tradition.

Evangelism in the Western sense is a new phenomenon here and as such is suspect; Dr. Billy Graham's variety is especially so. It is necessary to understand this, just as it is necessary to correct the impression that may have been gained abroad that Dr. Graham exerted stupendous influence wherever he appeared here.

It is true that large crowds heard him in India. About 20,000 people filled the grounds of St. Paul's Cathedral in Calcutta at his last appearance in this country. The gates opened at 6 p. m., but some had taken seats more than twenty-four hours earlier. In response to a question by Dr. Graham (he has a charming talent for making an address to 20,000 people sound like a tete-a-tete), at least a dozen in the audience said they had come more than 200 miles to hear him. A couple of hundred said they had travelled at least a hundred miles. The whole affair was marvelously organized by the sponsoring committee. More than 18,000 invitation cards were issued and 10,000 chairs were supplied; two ambulances were stationed near by; 300 "counsellors" and an equal number of ushers maintained order. A special choir from the Calcutta Boys School, led by Cliff Barrows, one of Dr. Graham's aides, ferociously tackled the preliminary hymns.

How explain the crowds? The Christians, possibly, came to confess and to declare again their allegiance to Christ. But there were many of other faiths. Undoubtedly they were attracted by the wide publicity given him; they were, in large measure, the same people who turned out to see Bulganin and Khrushchev.

The Calcutta Christian community has been moribund since the departure of the British, and anything spectacular might have served to stir its jaded spirituality. Certainly Dr. Graham's talk—expounding, cajoling, threatening, varying from fiery heights to soft dramatic tenderness—served as a fillip. It is suggestive of the state of apathy to which the Indian Christians had fallen that the Metropolitan of the Indian Church, introducing Dr. Graham, managed to convey the impression that a prophet had come among them. But what the preacher delivered here, as elsewhere in India, was not what might be expected of a missionary of real stature. It must be said to his credit, however, that he made no attempt to impress anyone except the Christians.

It is paradoxical that Dr. Graham, who succeeds in turning his sermons into a kind of chatty, personal talk, tends to transform his press conferences, which should be chatty and personal, into sermons. The editor of the popular *Illustrated Weekly* of Bombay noted that the preacher's way of parrying reporters' questions with Bible quotations made it seem as if he were delivering a "pulpit address." But perhaps this was inevitable. Indians accept the pleasures of the body as good so long as they are kept subordinate to religious faith. Dr. Graham, on the other hand, propounds the theory that the reproductive act, for instance, is in

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itself sinful, "the whole business being a legacy from Adam and Eve." He insisted that his son, aged three, was a liar, and asserted that he himself had wallowed in "evil" pleasures until, at the age of seventeen, a "voice" had asked him to spread the divine message. He makes no bones about the massive urgency and divinity of his mission.

Dr. Graham is fond of consigning sinners—unless they publicly announce their spiritual allegiance and sign up for Christ at the close of his sermon—to the "outer darkness," which to this preacher consists of very tangible fire and brimstone. This type of literal interpretation of Holy Writ has few admirers here.

No one can question Dr. Graham's sincerity. He goes about his business with an earnestness baffling to most ordinary mortals; his aggressively literal following of the Christian texts pushes many into lachrymose repentance. At the rally in the grounds of St. Paul's, I could see women in tears when Dr. Graham, with his unerring instinct for the dramatic phrase, cried: "No man can know one-thousandth of the love that a mother has for her baby; how, then, can we know the extent of God's love for us?" Dr. Graham can be dreadfully effective; he deals with primary emotions and he has them neatly labelled, like a child's water-color box. Love, guilt, hate, fear are the themes of the Bible, too, but prudent people have good reason to believe that the colors there are more subtly mixed.

BATHTUB STOCKPILE

The Kohler Strike . . *by J. and L. Hopkins*

Sheboygan, Wisconsin

THE HIGHLY publicized Kohler strike entered its third year on April 5 still very much alive after two tumultuous years of legal battles, bargaining maneuvers and violence. The strike's second anniversary finds Kohler Company officials insisting that they have beaten Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers. But leaders of striking U. A. W. Local 833 continue to field an impressive display of strength and enthusiasm.

Now that mass picketing has been banned by Wisconsin courts at the Kohler Village plant, brown smoke billows from its foundry. In the shops, Kohler plumbing fixtures are being turned out by an assorted group of non-union employees: northern Wisconsin farmers supplementing reduced farm incomes, women who have commandeered jobs formerly reserved for men and Kohler workers who did not join the union when the plant was organized in 1952. Company officials, claiming profitable operations for both 1954 and 1955, proceed with plans for expanded production at a second plant in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Outside the factory, over 2,000 striking union men are holding fast. At strike headquarters in nearby Sheboygan, local leaders and international representatives of the U. A. W. confer daily on strategy. Union-sponsored radio programs carry news of the strike to Sheboygan area residents every evening. And mimeographed bulletins blanket Wisconsin and spill over into other Midwest states. By January 30, the U. A. W. had invested $7,650,000 in the strike for organization, publicity and assistance to the strikers and their families. Emil Mazey, U. A. W. secretary-treasurer, estimates another $250,000 has been contributed by local unions.

THE Kohler strike brings together two great adversaries: a powerful and militant union and one of the oldest and largest plumbing-ware manufacturers in the country, traditionally anti-union. Family-owned, the company is free from the pressures of dividend-clamoring stockholders who might have grown restless with the prolonged labor conflict. Convinced that it is standing at Armageddon in behalf of free enterprise, it has countered U. A. W. demands for standard arbitration and seniority provisions and a non-contributory pension plan with single-minded efforts to drive the union out of Kohler village. For its part, the U. A. W. has invested its reputation in Kohler Village, holding out for a settlement that will bring elementary union privileges to Local 833.

In this conflict of principles, economic losses play only a secondary role. So Kohler goes on, well below full production but stockpiling unsold bathtubs, while the union says it is willing to pour another seven millions into the fight if necessary.

Considering the length of the struggle, the strikers present a picture of unexpected buoyancy. Their financial burden has been eased by an assistance program of unparalleled scope. "It wasn't merely a matter of providing the strikers with a *livable* assistance," the union's Don Rand says. "We wanted to give them a *just* assistance." Rent, utilities, interest on home mortgages, food vouchers, life and hospitalization insurance and $25 in cash are available weekly to each striker family. The amount actually received is determined by individual need. In this calculation, the striker's earnings at some other job—if he has one—are taken into consideration. Those working part time may discount the initial $15 of their week's pay as incentive to search out other jobs. Only two Kohler employees have gone on city welfare in Sheboygan, where most of the strikers live, and welfare authorities say both cases involve men who were not in good union standing at the strike's outset.

JACQUE and LORRAINE HOPKINS, graduate students at the University of Wisconsin, have written on labor and politics in Wisconsin.

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The hub of the pickets' life is the strike kitchen in Peterson's Hall about a mile from the plant. Seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, mugs of coffee and sandwiches are handed out to the pickets along with regular meals. A hundred strikers sit at tables playing games of skat. Every six hours, the kitchen empties as relief pickets are sent out to Kohler's eight gates, where the lines are restricted to twenty-five at each gate. In one corner, dispatchers and picket captains are held down by constantly ringing telephones.

This has been going on since April 5, 1954. But one striker working behind the coffee bar said: "I've got thirty-two years invested in that plant. I can wait a while longer." These men have an average shop seniority of eleven and one-half years. Because they have given so much of their working lives to the company, defeat would work an especial hardship. Kohler would probably not hire them all back and so many of them are plainly too old to begin anew elsewhere.

On the picket line, an old man with nineteen years in the shop, his face lobster-red from a sharp March wind, walked ten feet forward and ten feet back. "You walk down there and you'll see where they put brown paper over the windows so we couldn't see how high they've stacked up the bathtubs," he said cheerfully. "They're running out of storage space. Kohler's feeling it all right." Like most of the other pickets, he has an overriding faith in the strike.

AT THE other gates, pickets check off both truck shipments (down 25 per cent, they say from pre-strike levels) and railroad car loadings (down at least 50 per cent). This surveillance is now the only tangible value of the picket lines. Since the courts limited pickets to twenty-five per gate, the union has not tried to man them continually or at maximum except when the new shifts come to work. The men draw picket duty six hours a day every other day.

Men not on the picket line work at the publicity and boycott office in Sheboygan, on roving boycott committees or at Sheboygan's Croatian Hall, where some 400 strikers appear every morning for assistance checks. Wives and children have been organized into a chorus, children's clubs and athletic teams. "My family's never been as close as it is now," one teen-age girl said.

Drawing by Hank Weber, a Kohler striker

"That's been standing here since April 5, 1954. Nobody wants it until the strike is won."

The picture is not one of complete solidarity, however. Of the 2,800 union members, some 500 have drifted back to Kohler. Some of these are sons and brothers of strikers and bitter family splits have resulted. It is estimated that no more than 300 workers have left Sheboygan, abandoning the strike for permanent jobs elsewhere. There are now 2,060 men on the assistance rolls, all presumably still loyal to the strike.

The loyalty can be attributed as much to chilly economic facts as to union solidarity. With a population of only 43,000, Sheboygan simply could not absorb even a fraction of the strikers. The two principal employers outside of Kohler are two leather companies with payrolls of less than 800 each. The local furniture companies employ 1,300 workers in all. The employment picture brightens only during the summer, when the local canning factories are at peak operation and the strike assistance rolls drop as low as 1,600. Few strikers look for full-time jobs. The state employment office reports that of the fifty to 350 strikers on their lists at any one time, almost all are seeking part-time work or temporary full-time jobs.

KOHLER Village was the conception of Walter J. Kohler, Sr., once Wisconsin's governor, and father of the present governor. Forty years ago the elder Kohler put architects and engineers to work building the tiny Kohler settlement into a model community. Homes, a company-owned business block, an ivy-covered dormitory—the American Club—for bachelor workers, parks and playgrounds, churches and shaded esplanades sprung up near the plant. The houses were sold to company employees but the land beneath them still belongs to a Kohler real-estate subsidiary which oversees the long-term leases. "That's a very nice arrangement, you know, when you want to have a model village," one county official dryly observed.

Since most of the homes are now owned by supervisory personnel, the strike has left Kohler Village relatively untouched. Three miles west, Sheboygan Falls enjoys none of this serenity. The strike has split the town down the middle; about half the families involved are non-union workers and the other half are strikers. But the townspeople won't talk about this. A gas-station attendant, when pressed about the situation, said: "I don't know what you're talking about." This reserve is not surprising. As in any desperate labor dispute, there has been violence at Kohler. An international representative of the U. A. W. is now in prison for beating a Kohler worker who crossed the picket line. But much of the violence has been of the relatively milder sort: paint smeared on non-union workers' homes, broken windows and damaged automobiles —serious enough, but perhaps inevitable. The Sheboygan County sheriff apparently understood this when furious company officials confronted him with thirty pounds of nails they picked up on the road to the plant. "Gee," he said, "it's been a long time since I've seen that many nails on the road."

HAS LOCAL 833 lost the strike?

"We're satisfied with things as they are," claims Lyman Conger, Kohler's chief bargaining officer. "We ended 1954 with a profit and made a bigger profit in 1955." He cites recently announced company plans to open a five-million-dollar factory in Spartanburg, South Carolina, as proof of Kohler's strike immunity.

Sheboygan's Mayor Rudolph Ploetz, whose brother is a Kohler striker, sees a different picture. Local 833's president, Allan J. Graskamp, says: "Sure, we were taking a kick

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in the teeth for a while, but the shoe's on the other foot now. We've got Kohler on the run." Some impartial observers do not share the union leaders' optimism. On the key issues—strikers' seniority protection, compulsory arbitration procedures and the reinstatement of the strikers and union leaders—Kohler vows it will not give in, and the union cannot retreat.

It is doubtful that the AFL-CIO merger will materially affect the course of the strike. "The merger started the day of the walkout," union publicist Bob Treuer said as he praised the cooperation received by Local 833 from labor generally. But some union men have crossed the picket lines. Out-of-town masons went into the foundry to repair pottery kilns; more significant is the flow of trucks in and out of the plant. Members of the Independent Transport Union of Chicago as well as of the Teamsters-AFL have been generally ignoring the lines.

On the other hand, Kohler was thwarted last summer when it attempted to bring in its annual clay shipments. The clay ships were turned back at Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Duluth and Superior either because dock workers refused to unload the cargo or city authorities denied them entry. The ships finally locked at Montreal and the clay was brought by rail to Kohler Village. But railway shipments stop outside Kohler's gates. The railroad brotherhoods have never crossed the picket line. And sympathetic local unions have made heavy financial contributions to the strike.

Yet Kohler is still producing. The union hopes to win a court reversal of the ban on mass picketing, which kept the shop closed down in the first fifty-four days of the strike. Its trump card, however, is the consumer boycott launched last November. In the last fifty years, consumer boycotts in the labor movement have been rare and are remembered more often for their failures than for their successes. Knowing this, the union cagily took a page from sales-management techniques and set up a nationwide boycott organization matching as closely as possible Kohler's sales force. The decision to turn loose the boycott was not an easy one. Boycotts are hard to get rolling and are sometimes impossible to stop. Kohler knows this as well as the union. While denying that the boycott could ever seriously affect the Kohler operation, the company's bargaining officer, Lyman Conger, remarked: "If the damn thing works, has the union got any idea how they'll turn it off before there aren't any jobs left at all?" Even the union dodges this question.

In its boycott drive, the union counts on the fact that plumbing-ware sales are largely determined by plumbers and plumbing contractors, who are easy to reach and inclined to be sympathetic. Individual consumers, a difficult and expensive audience to persuade, count for little in plumbing-ware sales. But there is a less favorable aspect. A major part of plumbing sales are made by competitive bid and Kohler is apparently willing to undercut its competitors in the fight for the market. And union plumbers themselves are in a difficult position. How far can they risk their jobs by refusing to install Kohler bathtubs? How far can the plumbers' union help the boycott without violating the laws against "secondary" boycotts?

Unquestionably the boycott has taken hold. Locally, Kohler's former monopoly has been reduced some 75 per cent. But there is no way of determining how badly Kohler has been hurt overall, or how badly it will have to be hurt to force a settlement.

If the U. A. W. wins, it will have been an agonizing victory.

THREE MINUTES FROM WAR

Israeli Border Village . . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Nogah, Israel

THE VILLAGE of Nogah is a naked composition of newly-turned soil, white block houses, dusty-faced men and silent women. There are no trees, and the land seems drowned by the unbroken sky. Cries of small children and chickens crack the silence of the raw morning. A huge, dark man with a bristling silver beard guides a wheelbarrow down the dirt road like a soldier advancing on an enemy fortress. A woman with a baby tied to her back by a blanket scrubs a muddy porch on her hands and knees. What happens here can determine the future of Israel.

This is one of nineteen villages spread across the narrow midsection of Israel known as Lachish, running from the city of Ashkelon, a few miles north of the Gaza Strip, to the Jordan border twenty-five miles to the west. Six months ago this area was empty—and open to the type of military movement that cut the country in half during one stage of Israel's War of Independence. The government and the Jewish Agency jointly put 11,000,000 Israeli pounds in its development during the first year that ended last October. What they planned can only be compared by imagining that the San Fernando Valley was planned, settled and built in a couple of years by the California governor and Chamber of Commerce. The barren Lachish land, dry and lined with crumbling remains of stone terraces centuries old, was envisioned as a region of modern, cooperative farm settlements, complete with schools, stores and a central town with industrial and entertainment facilities. The conception of the project is further proof that Israel is not, as many people imagine it, "one large *kibbutz*"—it is, in reality, one large TVA project.

DAN WAKEFIELD is covering the Israel scene for The Nation. *This is the second article of a series.*

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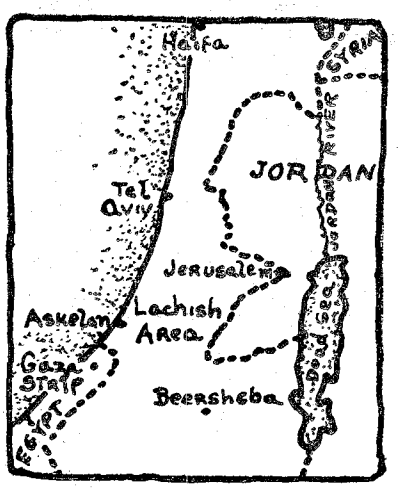

The Lachish operation, like nearly all of Israel's undertakings, is geared to a double purpose. If Nogah and its neighboring "overnight" villages grow and take root, it will mean that this strategic waistline sector of the country will be bolstered with a line of settlement-defense, and the road that leads to Jerusalem, some twenty miles north of here, will be protected.

It will also mean that Israel's greatest internal problem—the absorption of oriental Jews from the surrounding Arab countries and Africa—can not only be solved, but turned to advantage, for the great majority of families living in the Lachish area are immigrants from backward Arab and African lands. Before Israel became a state in 1948, more than 80 per cent of the 655,000 population in Palestine had come from Europe. Since then more than 750,000 new immigrants have come —and more than half of that number were non-European. Many of them, like the villagers at Nogah, had been living in a culture that was centuries removed from the European atmosphere and social structures of modern Israel.

Yehuda Saleffi, a village leader of Nogah, came to Israel from Iran in 1951. He brought no money, no knowledge of the Hebrew language, no working skill and a family of ten children. After living in the *mabarah* (an Israel immigrant "transition" camp) by the town of Hedera for five years, and working at part-time labor in the town, he decided to accept the Jewish Agency's offer of settlement on a farm in Lachish. He organized his friends and relatives, and they were taken to Nogah. Each family was given a one-room wooden house (with promise of the three-room white cement house that is being built beside it), an acre of adjoining land and the guarantee of at least twelve days' work a month on the 600 acres held jointly by the village. It was also promised that after the villagers had learned properly to farm the land by themselves, the 600 acres would be divided equally among them for private ownership.

Yehuda Saleffi has been at Nogah five months now. Alex, the agriculture instructor at Nogah (one of the staff of eight from the Jewish Agency who supervise the village until it becomes self-operating), led the visitor to Yehuda's home, one of the small green wooden houses that sit like individual barracks beside the white red-roofed structures that are being built for permanent use. The small yard in front was not barren like the others, but carefully laid with squares of flowers and enclosed by a makeshift, but neat, wooden fence. Behind it was an acre of land; several men and women were working on it. Alex called "Yehuda!" and a man who was wearing a tattered blue pin-stripe suitcoat, brown workpants and high black boots dropped his hoe and came out of the field.

Yehuda's face was dark and not recently shaven, and the dusty English cap he wore added to his general appearance as a highway robber. He met the stranger with a smile and *"Shalom"* and invited him and Alex inside the small wooden house. The dirt floor was perfectly swept and the white-painted walls were hung with pictures and posters. Yehuda spread a cloth on the table, which, with benches and beds, composed the only furniture, and waved the guests to sit down. He switched on a huge battery-radio to music, brought out a bowl of grocery-store candy and lit the oil burner for tea.

"You have a nice place here," the stranger said. "How do you like it?"

Yehuda pounded his fist on the table.

"I came to Israel five years ago," he said. "I work. I ought to have land. I have no land."

"You have land," Alex said. "This is your land—outside, and down the road. You'll soon have part of that land to yourself."

Yehuda waved away the instructor's explanation and turned to the stranger.

"I don't work my own land," he said. "The Jewish Agency lied. They told us in the *mabarah* that they would give us land of our own if we came to Nogah. My family, my friends came, and now we all work for these men from the Jewish Agency."

"Why do you think its their their land?" asked the stranger.

Yehuda smiled knowingly. "You think they come here and teach us all these things for nothing?"

"Look," said Alex, "Next year we're going to leave."

Yehuda shrugged. "It will still be your land," he said.

"Do all the people here believe this?" the stranger asked.

"Not all," said Alex. "There's a man named Ezra-Daniel who—"

"Ezra-Daniel is a Kurdistani!" Yehuda shouted.

He pulled at his cap and leaned across the table.

"The Kurdistanis are fools. We are from Persia [Iran], and the Jewish Agency makes us live with these fools from Kurdistan. They didn't tell us that when we left the *mabarah to come here. They told us we could* live by ourselves."

"Why are the Kurdistanis fools?"

"They know nothing," Yehuda answered. "They allow no fires on *Shabat* [the Sabbath]. Some of my people light fires on *Shabat,* and some don't. We let them do as they please. Last week one of our families was cooking for a guest on *Shabat* and the Kurdistanis came and blocked their door and made them put out the fire. How can we live with the Kurdistanis?"

Drawing by Norah Kubie

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The stranger knew no answer to the question. Alex, who had heard it many times before, turned to his glass of tea. Everyone drank in silence, and the guests departed after much violent shaking of hands and exchanging of thanks.

In a cafe in Jerusalem the visitor had heard a young third-generation Israeli of European heritage explain that the oriental immigrants compose a "second Israel" and will "pull down the country." At Nogah, among the orientals themselves, the Iranians think the Kurdistanis will "pull down" their village. Part of the territory of traditional Kurdish settlement—regarded as a separate country by the Kurds themselves—is actually in Iran. But the Kurdish neighbors are still considered aliens and undesirables by the Iranians who must now work beside them at Nogah.

Ezra-Daniel, the leader of the Kurdistanis, received the guests with religious sincerity. He went to a lopsided cabinet and brought out a bottle of wine, a bottle of beer and a plate of cookies, and placed them on the table as if he were setting out sacred objects for a holy ritual. His great eyes glowed as he poured the wine high in each glass, and when he lifted his own, the rich tan skin seemed to tighten on his face and his moustache quivered.

"Praise Israel," he said.

He tilted back the glass to his mouth until the wine was gone and got up from the table. He brought out a small piece of paper from the lopsided cabinet and smoothed it out in front of the stranger. It was a Red Cross certificate for passing a special first-aid course.

"The doctor came to my house and shook my hand," he said.

"You seem to like it here," the stranger remarked.

"This is our land," Ezra-Daniel said.

"What about the Persians?" the stranger asked.

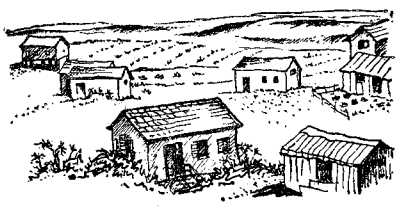
"They are Jews, like us."

"But they don't seem to think you should be here," the stranger said.

"We have a right. We all are Jews. This is our home, and our children's home."

THE CHILDREN of Nogah—Ezra-Daniel's children as well as Yehuda's children—sit together in two long narrow wooden houses that serve as a school. The fact that both boys and girls would sit together was even more of a shock to both the Iranians and Kurdistanis when they came to Nogah than the fact that the children from both countries would sit next to each other. In the culture of Kurdistan and Iran alike, women are not supposed to share any sort of equality with men. The adult women of the village still stay silent and off in the corners unless called upon by the men. But in the schoolroom the girls sit next to the boys and are treated by the teacher as equals.

Their teacher, Rivka Guber, has come to them through her native Russia, the hard days of early Jewish farming in the Palestine of the twenties, and Israel's War of Independence that took the lives of her



only two sons. She and her husband sold their farm and came to Nogah to live with the immigrants and teach and work.

Rivka sat at her desk at the front of the room of older children, a tiny, round woman in a black dress, her grey hair pulled to a knot at the back of her head, and smilingly acknowledged the thanks of the children as they left for home. "They want to thank me every time they learn something new," she told the stranger. "They want so much to learn. And they have so much to learn. Some of them never had schooling at all before they came here. Some of them had never seen a toothbrush."

"How do they get along with each other—the Persians and Kurdistani children?" the stranger asked.

"They've learned that already," Rivka said. "There are many things here that divide us. But there are many more things that unite us."

By summer there will be the common roofs of the synagogue and the modern school that are taking shape now on the high rise of land at the end of the road. There is already the crowded, adopted "social center" that serves as a meeting place for all who are restless in the long afternoons—the grocery store. Women with their babies and men smoking cigarettes or whittling at shapeless pieces of wood assemble there like farmers in a small Kansas town. There is language—the newly acquired "slang" Hebrew that is the common talk among all the new immigrants, even though it leaves them still unable to understand the "correct" Hebrew of the news broadcasts on the radio. All these are daily forces for unity—these, and the Jordan border, three miles to the east.

The villagers take turns on a constant guard duty that keeps men patrolling the area with rifles day and night. Nogah, like the other border settlements, has its own military officers, assigned by the Israeli army, who supervise the guards and the general security. Infiltrators periodically cross the border from Jordan to steal and make trouble. Since Jordan's dismissal of General Glubb, this border became even "hotter," and several incidents of infiltration and shooting quickly followed. If an Israel-Arab war broke out, Nogah would be about three minutes away from it.

At night the military officer of Nogah sits at the cluttered table in the cold house and instructs the shifts of guards as they change. By the light of the single oil lamp the village guards with their caps pulled low on their heads, the collars of their ragged coats raised up around their necks and the rifles slung on their backs with the muzzles pointing down, look like the troops of some small revolutionary army. And that is after all what they are—regardless of whether they must ever fire a shot. Building a home out of rocks and dust with men from a land where time has stopped, with men of varied language and cultures, is surely a revolution. It has somehow begun, because Israel found it was essential to survival—both military and social. Like all revolutions, it leads to precarious life. It has somehow begun—but it is not yet over.

Letters

(Continued from inside front cover)

than that of any other citizen. Secondly, it should not be necessary to quote to Americans, clerical or lay, Thomas Jefferson's noble saying that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

DAVID L. WEISSMAN
New York City.

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The Mirror of a Great Epoch

THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN. Edited by E. S. de Beer. Six volumes. Oxford University Press. $50.40.

By Donald A. Roberts

JOHN EVELYN lived in the midst of greatness. Within the circle of his acquaintance or, at least, within his intellectual ken were Milton, Dryden, Herrick, d'Avenant, Cowley, Marvell, Otway, Congreve, Wycherley; Charles I, Cromwell, Laud, Hampden, Pym, Prynne, Charles II, Penn, Roger Williams, James II, Clarendon; Inigo Jones, Wren, Grinling Gibbons; Boyle, Newton, Locke, Hobbes, Descartes, Pascal; Morley, Purcell, Van Dyke, Kneller, Hollar. And, of course, his fellow diarist, Samuel Pepys. Throughout his eighty-six years he was constantly confronted by, and aware of, these makers of beauty, these searchers of conscience, these probers of the natural world, these formulators of social and political theory. His name lives with theirs. It is not easy, however, to equate his achievement with that of even the least of them.

Evelyn filled no important office of royal or public trust; his only service to the state was rendered as a commissioner of hospitals and homes for disabled veterans. Though deeply committed to the royalist cause and to the Church of England he gave no significant aid to Charles or to the bishops. At the Restoration he exerted some small influence in behalf of Charles II and praised him publicly, but he had no real part in the return of the monarchy. He was a loyal, though not a founding, member of the Royal Society. In pure science, however, he had no importance, particularly in comparison with such men as Wilkins, Boyle and Newton. The book on which his later fame chiefly rests, the *Diary*, remained in manuscript until long after his death, and did not contribute to his contemporary reputation.

Many matters of popular interest commanded his intelligent curiosity and became the subjects of often-reprinted books. Most of them deal with applied science. He wrote interestingly and informatively about air pollution, engraving, architecture, bread making, numismatics, town planning, the preparation of salads, agronomy, forestry *(Sylva)*, the culture of fruit trees *(Pomona)* and gardening. The last subject was a special favorite. His *Kalendarium Hortense* (gardener's almanac), *Sylva* and *Pomona* went through several editions during his lifetime.

If none of Evelyn's studies may be called profound or definitive, all can claim genuineness of purpose, accuracy of information and a warm desire to share with like-minded readers the author's delight in art and nature. One feels that he cherishes the fame of authorship less than the desire to be the propagator of beautiful gardens and the guide to an improved system of agriculture.

EVELYN certainly does not deserve the usually derogatory name of dilettante, for his seriousness of purpose is beyond question. Nor should he be classed with the virtuosi, that often sincere but equally often fatuous company of experimenters in the later Stuart days. Throughout his life Evelyn was a devoutly religious man. He was punctilious in church attendance, and had a tender concern for the beauty and seemliness of the order of worship, a concern often rudely offended by Puritan ruthlessness. His devoutness did not separate him, however, from the life around him. He had in him a strong trace of Renaissance Christianity. He believed that God had created man for a higher destiny than earth could reveal, but he knew also that God had made this world for man's wonder and proper delight. Under the eye of God, he found well-tempered joy in living, in home and family, in travel, in reading, in sharing his knowledge and experiences with others, in the beauty and awe of the encircling universe. In brief, Evelyn was a highly civilized man.

For more than a hundred years after his death Evelyn remained a famous name in the record of his day. Often referred to by other writers, he was remembered as a good citizen in a turbulent age and as a prolific writer on a wide variety of popular subjects. His posthumous fame really flowered, however, with the publication by William Bray in 1818 of a considerable part of his long-secreted *Diary*. At once he was recognized as the maker of a fascinating record of himself and of his age, as the author of a work that far excelled in value and interest all his previously known writings. It was not a model of literary craftsmanship, but it was a wonderfully deep well of delightful reading, crammed with life and insights into the minds and manners of men, rich with the tapestry of history, and instinct with the gracious character of its creator. It became a great book that men really read.

But only today, 250 years after Evelyn finally put down his pen, can the admirers of the *Diary* really know the true riches Evelyn had laid up for them. Now in a sumptuous edition from the Clarendon Press the world sees the *Diary* for the first time in its entirety. Twenty years of painstaking and imaginative research on the part of E. S. de Beer, the editor, have produced an edition that will stand as definitive. The text is based on a fresh transcription of the entire manuscript, unexpurgated and complete except for a few undecipherable passages. Bray's 313,000 words are now increased to 560,000. In explication of the new text de Beer has prepared 12,000 notes, all of them learned, illuminating and apposite. To the introductory volume he has contributed a life of Evelyn, a study of the manuscripts and of the previous editions, an essay on the literary and historical character of the *Diary*, valuable genealogical, bibliographical and historical appendices and an annotated list of Evelyn's writings. The greater part of the final volume is devoted to a 600-page index, a stupendous piece of scholarship.

In every respect the edition is an exemplary work of learning and of book production. Scholars and gen-

DONALD A. ROBERTS is associate professor of English at the City College, New York.

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ral readers alike have been placed nder a great debt to both the editor nd the publisher, for now all who ad for delight, for ornament, or for bility may see Evelyn plain. Now they can fully understand the import of his motto: "Omnia explorate, meliora retinete." With him, they can explore all things and retain the better.

Ireland's Search for a School

THE MODERN IRISH WRITERS. Cross Currents of Criticism. By Estella Ruth Taylor. University of Kansas Press. $3.50.

By John R. Willingham

SINCE the heyday of the English Victorian poets, there has been only one impressive display of force and talent in the English-speaking literary world. The pooled reputations of Gogarty, Yeats, A. E., George Moore, Stephens, Synge, Colum, Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany and, to a certain extent, Joyce, offer persuasive weight to the claim that the so-called Irish renaissance offered greater possibilities of a major literary movement than any other group in England or America during the twentieth century.

And yet there seems to have been an immoderate amount of charlatanism and sheer humbug: the writers were required by their tentative allegiance to Irish nationalism to espouse a mythological and ideological background which was not really easy or natural for them. There was pressure from above and within the literary circle for writing in Gaelic; and the extent of George Moore's infatuation for a time with the Irish literary movement is suggested by his intention to have his writings translated into Gaelic and thence into English for their final form. For both Yeats and Moore, Ireland called at a critical moment in their careers. Both certainly tried to develop according to the increasingly hardening prescription for national bards. Both tried to keep up with Lady Gregory's search for peasant lore; both toyed with A. E.'s brand of mysticism. But both had to return to a more cosmopolitan, a more palatable tradition—English and European. The nature of the breach for these major figures is indicated in Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium" and in Moore's *Hail and Farewell.* Joyce, of course, found it more desirable to leave the land altogether and to avoid any commitments to the Irish writers. The difficulties of holding the Irish "school" together are suggested by A. E.'s definition of a literary movement as "five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially."

MISS TAYLOR'S purpose is to organize and classify the scattered comments of the group about common purposes and their reactions to one another. It is certainly clear that most of the Irish writers most of the time thought and talked of themselves as a school, but the purposes and achievements of the school did not often gain or hold unanimous acceptance. Even the modern Irish theatre, the most durable monument of the renaissance, was beset by the perfectly natural conflicts between the individualism of the artist's vision and the relatively rigid body of political and social, even religious, ideas of the audiences. The abortive attempts to supplant English with Gaelic as the literary language seem merely ludicrous now.

However, for all their shortcomings and some of the comic consequences, we see from Miss Taylor's book that these writers, seceding from one aspect of the movement to reappear as zealots in another aspect, always had a high sense of purpose. They were not fakers generally; they were devoted to experimentation and trial balloons. Their devotion to the principle that a land and a people ought to have an indigenous art gives the "modern Irish writers" a heroic cast which cannot be finally belittled. That most of them ultimately belong to English literature is due to the synthetic characteristics of so much of the Irish nationalist movement.

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

To Helen, with a Playbill

Come love with me and be my life
And we will all new measures move
That cities, falls or dells invite,
That grace and glory inly love,
  Or all the ravages of poetry.

You shall prove more expert far
Than I, who am clowned out with gear
Of all the years, and many a star,
Than I who am abaft of fear
  And all the ravages of poetry.

But you shall sail into my day
With pristine wing, with innocent eye
Without a chart, except sweet sway
Of willingness that cannot die
  For all the ravages of poetry.

We will eat up, then, the incipient,
But you shall fend off knowledge quite
Although I fashion you percipient
Of a dark stroke within a light,
  And all the ravages of poetry.

Be my immortal, I your slave,
I'll bring you rarest imperfections,
Fruits I'll bring from Eden Garden
Juicier far for being men's
  Who own the ravages of poetry.

You shall know love, yet know not death,
You shall preserve the dream of bliss,
The metaphysic of man's breath,
Come love with me, know my willed kiss
  And all the ravages of poetry.

RICHARD EBERHART

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Front Man for Violence

ALL HONORABLE MEN. By David Karp. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.

By Alan Harrington

DAVID KARP, author of *One* and *The Day of the Monkey,* has eloquently described the humiliation of an eminent liberal educator, Dr. Milo Dexter Burney, who foolishly accepts the directorship of a dubious "conservative" foundation and thereby sets in motion a train of evil consequences for himself and his associates. The newly-formed $40,000,000 "Institute for American Studies" turns out to be a front for an arch-reactionary group. Dr. Burney becomes personally responsible for the disaster that befalls one of the first candidates for a position with the foundation, a meek little economist whose loyalty to the United States is challenged by fanatical members of the board.

Readers of *All Honorable Men* will immediately wonder what a man of Dr. Burney's stature is doing in such company. It is soon evident that this veteran diplomat, administrator and former college president is vain ("I've been around and I've seen people like this—they don't frighten me") and something of a dilettante ("I'll tell you . . . what I expect out of the Institute: excitement").

Founders of the Institute are the family of an aging industrialist, and his idol, a retired brigadier general. Dr. Burney learns that these latter-day aristocrats have no interest in discovering his hopeful "rationale for liberal conservatism." Rather they are deputies of the twentieth-century Mass Man whose compulsion, in the words of Professor Ortega y Gasset, is to "intervene in everything, and solely by violence."

Only the purest citizens can assist the Institute's emerging purpose: to "drown socialism"; hence, the potential un-Americanism of suspect personnel must be savagely exposed and held up to public view. The first assault, over Dr. Burney's opposition, is directed against the economist, Dr. Joseph Ness, and his family. The weapons are familiar. Raw material lifted from FBI files, investigations, wire taps eventually recording Dr. Burney's own voice, and idiotically efficient private-eye reports, lead to the climactic defamation—the violence of absolute distrust of man for man.

ALL HONORABLE MEN suggests why some liberals have come out poorly in political alley fights with their intellectual inferiors. Their failure has often followed a "reasonable" yielding of principle, not too strongly held, under the guise of "seeing the other fellow's side." Thus, once Dr. Burney agrees to the investigation of Dr. Ness his position is hopelessly corrupted.

If the reader is convinced that a man like Dr. Burney would fall into this trap, he will go on to find that David Karp has an extraordinary ability to make ideas exciting. Indeed the warring ideas and principles in *All Honorable Men* carry so much dramatic force that they frequently subdue his characters who appear at times as delegates of good and evil rather than persons moved by deeply-felt impulses. Mr. Karp shows a healthy, old-fashioned scorn for his bigots of the right, and he ends his story with a bang, a promise, and a prescription for their defeat.

ALAN HARRINGTON is the author of The Revelations of Dr. Modesto.

With Cortes in Mexico

THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO 1517-1521. By Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Edited by Genaro Garcia. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by A. P. Maudslay. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $6.50.

By John A. Crow

GREAT MEN of letters and art characterized the Renaissance in many European countries, but Spain's unique "exceptional man" of those flowering days was the *conquistador,* the captain of soldiers who led his men into the trackless unknown of America, there to implant the government, the language and the culture of his people. Greatest of the *conquistadores* was Hernan Cortés, conqueror of Mexico, and first in rank among the chroniclers was Bernal Diaz del Castillo, his lieutenant, who in this book has caught the flavor of those epic days.

Bernal Diaz, with Cortés throughout the entire Mexican conquest, took part in 119 battles, and was wounded critically several times. He became so accustomed to sleeping fully armed that thirty years later he could not rest unless he lay flat on the floor, with all his clothes on. The man's memory was prodigious. He could recall the name of every soldier, the size and color of every horse, the smallest details of every campaign. And he told his story in a straightforward style which has made it one of the world's imperishable histories.

In the preface to his book Bernal Diaz wrote: "I am now an old man, over eighty-four years of age, and I have lost my sight and hearing, and, as luck would have it, I have gained nothing of value to leave my children and descendants but this true story, and they will find out what a wonderful story it is." This is no overstatement, for although the conquest of Mexico took place more than 400 years ago, it is still fascinating and alive in the pages of Bernal Diaz. There are also many interesting comments on the Indian cultures of Mexico whose progress was brought to a standstill by the Spanish conquest.

THE present edition of this book, with an excellent introduction by Professor Irving A. Leonard of the University of Michigan, is a reprint of the translation made by A. P. Maudslay for the Hakluyt Society of England in 1908. The translation is based on the original manuscript, and not on any of the many Spanish editions that had come out before 1908, editions which had suppressed whole pages, interpolated others and generally garbled the facts and figures. The book is beautifully bound and printed.

JOHN A. CROW is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of California, Los Angeles. He is the author of many books including The Epic of Latin America.

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TV Forecast

April 8 through 11

(See local papers for time and channel)

For the present, Anne Langman's television department will appear in alternate issues. But every week she will offer a listing of forthcoming shows. The listings will include programs that promise to be interesting as phenomena as well as those selected for their intrinsic merit.

Sunday, April 8

THE TRIAL AT ROUEN (NBC-TV Opera Theatre). Premiere of Norman dello Joio's opera. Elaine Malbin, soprano heard earlier in "Madama Butterfly," will sing Joan of Arc. Also Hugh Thompson, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone. Samuel Chotzinoff, producer. (Color).

THE RED SHOES (NBC; Famous Films Festival). Concluding the Rank ballet picture, starring Moira Shearer.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS). Noel Coward (there is a Ford in his future, after all; he will do his "This Happy Breed" for them on May 5) will be a guest. He will read Ogden Nash's "Carnival of the Animals."

JUDY GARLAND SHOW (CBS). Single performance by this much-discussed lady, who will sing several songs she has never before done in public.

Tuesday, April 10

THE FIRST SHOT (CBS; Navy Log). Dramatization of an encounter between a U. S. destroyer and a Nazi submarine in the sea lanes to Iceland—one of the incidents that led to American entry into World War II. Part of a series aimed at wider appreciation of the individual in the navy.

"YOU AND ME—AND THE GATEPOST" (NBC; Playwrights '56). A play by Sumner Locke Eliot, starring Mary Astor and John Emory, will be directed by Delbert Mann of "Marty" fame.

Wednesday, April 11

GRETA GARBO (ABC; MGM Parade). Concluding chapter of her storied film career. George Cukor, "Camille" director, will give his impressions. Scenes from five of Garbo's pictures.

A. W. L.

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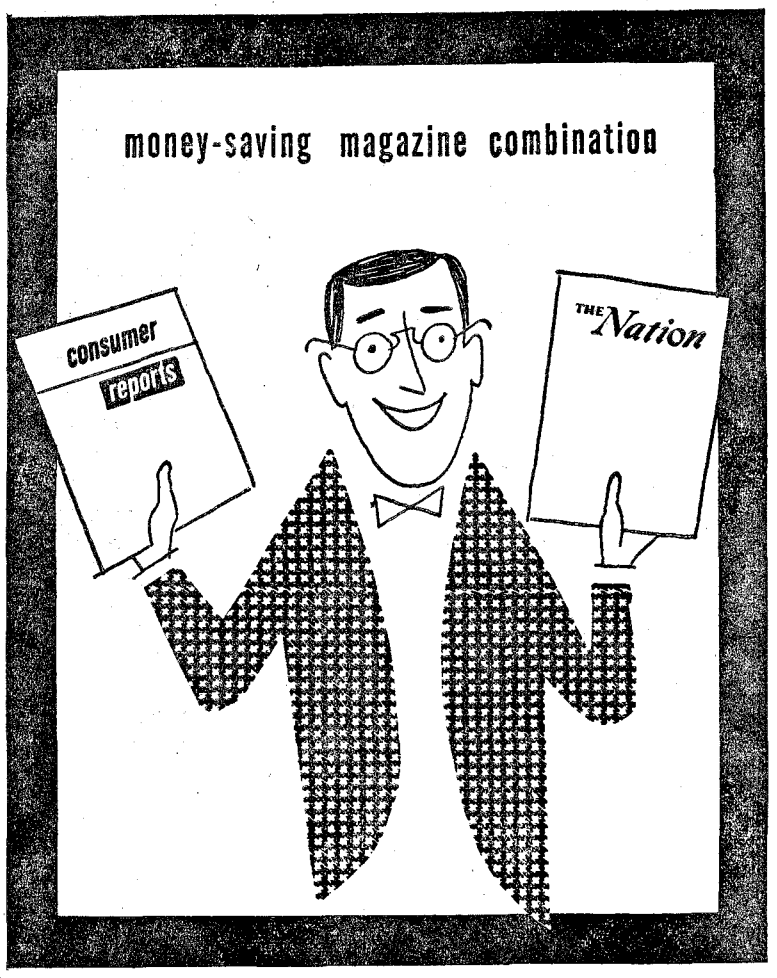

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Films

Robert Hatch

HITLER died in his bunker under the chancellery gardens eleven years ago this month, and we are still eaten with curiosity about what it must have been like down there in the final moment. It is not a rewarding theme, but we go on romancing about it because it seems to us the closest approximation of Hell's headquarters our age can provide.

The Last Ten Days is a film evocation of the place made from Judge M. A. Musmanno's novel, adapted by Erich Maria Remarque and directed by the legendary G. W. Pabst. Albin Skoda, a member of the Vienna Burgtheater, plays Hitler. He is surrounded by a group of well-trained actors who bear sufficient resemblances to Goebbels, Himmler, Speer, Bormann, Keitel, Jodl and of course Eva Braun. Much in evidence, also, is a romantic young actor named Oskar Werner, who plays a captain just in from the Eastern Front, and who expresses the typical German's image of himself as pure hero. It may comfort the smooth-minded to imagine that some such witness for the human race searched out and denounced Hitler in his final den and then died with a cry for the new dawn on his lips, but the fact is that Captain Wuest is the one invented character in the film. In the real history of our time, "the good German" came on the scene a little later in the day.

Taken all in all, however, *The Last Ten Days* is a studiously objective description of a plausible finale to the 1,000-year Reich. Critics like Siegfried Kracauer and Paul Rotha, who agree in admiring Pabst's powers of observation, agree also that his impulses toward social comment were always obstructed by his instinct for neutrality. Before the war he was famous for *The Joyless Street* and *Kameradschaft*, films whose documentation echoed the work then coming out of Russia; during the war he went back to Germany (he had previously fled) and made "correct" pictures for Hitler. Now, having long since been de-Nazified, he records the death throes of his late ruler. It is not only in his art that Pabst is a realist.

The Last Ten Days assumes that, at least in the final period, Hitler was mad. This is probably true and it has the added advantage that it spares the picture any need for moral judgment. But this interpretation carries the parallel artistic inconvenience that nothing Hitler does has any dramatic significance or human context. For all its melodramatic incident, the film is a dragging re-enactment, and that because no sane observer can involve himself seriously with a lunatic. A character who may do "anything" can do nothing very interesting.

Within the given problem, Mr. Skoda plays the Fuehrer with admirable conviction. A scene in which he decorates a platoon of fourteen-year-old veterans lucidly demonstrates the hallucinations of paranoia. But the tantrums, the meaningless inventions of strategy, the grandiose pledges of victory that mark the closing days are repetitious and boring. If Hitler's madness produced any action in his henchmen, there could be the elements of a story, but they stand around in a paralysis of will, awaiting the Russians. Probably they did, but the truth is not always more exciting than fiction.

In two areas, Pabst demonstrates what people mean by saying that he is a great realist observer. The Berlin subway was converted into a bomb shelter and hospital. The matter-of-fact pursuit of daily life in this grotesque environment is brilliantly communicated, and the scene of horror that takes place there when the tunnels are flooded to block the Russians is etched with a cold, surgical efficiency. Then, in the bunker there is a canteen where troopers and women domestics meet for food and gossip in their off time. In the closing hours, the brandy has been broken out and the slaves become despairingly drunk. One girl, throwing off apron and kerchief, performs a lugubriously erotic dance in which she is joined from time to time by an oafish little soldier held together by splints and gauze. People who lived stupidly are now about to die stupidly; Pabst does not make it seem either tragic or important, but he does make it seem exactly appropriate. It is as Kracauer says *(From Caligari to Hitler)*—"The veracity of his pictures—veracity should not be mistaken for truth—rests upon his neutrality."

THE RUSSIANS have sent us *Twelfth Night* and it turns out that this work is a nineteenth-century Italian grand opera for which the score has unhappily been lost. The lack of music is a real disadvantage in an opera, but the sets are gratifyingly large and glistening with marzipan and the performers strike attitudes that lack only a full orchestra to make them entirely satisfactory. Cultural exchange should not be confused with the carrying of coals to Newcastle.

Music

B. H. Haggin

"WHAT she wants other people to know," Edmund Wilson wrote once about a novelist, "she imparts to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose." The statement occurred to me as I listened to the Stravinsky program in which Leonard Bernstein conducted the Symphony of the Air; for I was hearing Stravinsky, in each piece, creating an object, this one the self-developing organism of a work of musical sound, and was observing with what assured mastery he did so.

The creative mastery was evident at every point in the early *Firebird* Suite, though most impressively so, perhaps, in the two-plane construction of the marvelous transition from the Berceuse to the finale. It was evident also in the moment-to-moment operation of the perversely rhythmed Carpriccio for piano and orchestra, in the employment of the grim ostinatos and monumental vocal styles of *Oedipus Rex*, and in the fashioning of details like the simple but overwhelming phrase of Oedipus to the words "All now is made plain."

Actually, of course, the composer

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creates his object only in his mind, and notes down in a score the directions for the performance that creates it in living sound. And even with inadequate soloists, but with the excellent orchestra and a fine-sounding male chorus trained by Hugh Ross, Bernstein produced a powerful, eloquent and touching performance of *Oedipus Rex* which I think Stravinsky would have accepted as the object he intended. But in the Capriccio exhibitionism took over, with Sanroma punching out each statement of the piano's theme in the first movement with ostentatious jangling violence, and with both conductor and soloist whipping themselves into a visible frenzy that got cheers from the audience but would not, I suspect, have got them from the composer. And judging by Stravinsky's own way of playing the *Firebird* Suite I think he would have reacted violently to what Bernstein's dramatized lingering and melting and fussing made it.

TEN YEARS AGO the way to show one's understanding was to praise Toscanini; today it is to criticize and attack him; and the attacks reveal to me as little real understanding of the Toscanini operation as did the praise. It was a special kind of operation, and produced a special kind of object. A piece of music reveals itself in time; and what was extraordinary when Toscanini played it was its strong, unfailing continuity of flow, impetus and tension. One thing revealed in time is shape; and what was extraordinary too was the coherence in tempo and sonority that gave the musical object coherent plastic proportions. Toscanini's delighted exclamation once, "It's like reading the score," as he listened to a recorded performance, expressed his basic belief not only that the shape in living sound must be the one indicated by the composer's printed directions, but that whatever is printed in the score must be heard distinctly in the performance; and much work went into balancing instrumental sonorities, or instruments and voices, to produce the clarity and transparency of texture, the distinctness of strands in that texture, which were part of the factual basis for the impression that one was hearing something one had never heard before. It is literally true that listening to Dvorak's *New World* Symphony as it is shaped and clarified on Victor LM-1778 one hears the battered work sound "as fresh and glistening as creation itself."

All this as a preliminary to my comments on some of the Toscanini performances issued by Victor in the past two years. They include two of the most controversial—the Mozart G minor Symphony on LM-1789 and Schubert Symphony No. 9 on LM-1835. I once was among those who found the treatment of the Mozart over-impassioned; since then I have come to think it wonderfully right. As for the Schubert, it has been objected to by some who feel this is a Viennese work and should be played with Viennese relaxation. But not all the music written in Vienna is alike, and not all of it is relaxed: the particular relaxed quality of some of Schubert's music is not in Mozart's or Beethoven's nor even in all of Schubert's. And in his Symphony No. 9 there is a grandeur that is achieved by the sustained tension and momentum of Toscanini's performance. The old one on LM-1040 had a driving rigidity which represented Toscanini's own tense state at the moment; the spaciousness and suppleness of the new one on LM-1835—evidence of his having recorded it when he was himself relaxed—makes it one of the best he ever achieved, and one of the greatest thing on records. And luckily the Schubert, Mozart and Dvorak performances are excellently reproduced.

There have been minor variations also in what nevertheless have remained essentially the same beautifully fashioned and incomparably effective objects that Toscanini has made of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and Verdi's *Requiem*; and the 1940 versions were even better (more relaxed tempos, more distinguished solo singing) than the more recent *Missa* issued on LM-6013 and *Requiem* on 6018; but someone who knows only these should find them beautiful and effective enough. The *Missa* is reproduced with defective balance that causes the chorus to predominate over soloists and orchestra; the *Requiem* with the differently balanced sounds of dress rehearsal and final broadcast that are spliced together, and with occasional high-frequency distortion. And the superb performance of Verdi's *Te Deum* on LM-1849 has to have the volume turned up for the opening section until after the first fortissimo outburst, then turned down for the rest of the piece.

There are inadequacies of vocal soloists and defects of reproduced sound also in the broadcast performances of opera that Victor has issued on records: Bampton's shrillness and general inadequacy and Belarsky's bad pronunciation of German in the 1944 *Fidelio*, which is reproduced with flat, lustreless sound; Valdengo's lack of the right weight of voice for the title role, Guarrera's of the more mature voice required by Ford, in the 1950 *Falstaff;* Merrill's coarse baritone in the 1954 *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which is reproduced with remarkable clarity and spaciousness but also with excessive dryness and harshness; the occasional stridency of the sound of the 1953 Act 2 of *Orfeo*. But one accepts the flaws in these musical objects which provide precious and exciting documentation of the performances that made history in every opera house in which Toscanini conducted.

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Letter From Rome

William Weaver

THE MAJOR event of the theatre season in Italy this year will be the visit of Milan's Piccolo Teatro to Rome at the end of April, bringing with it three excellent productions: Goldoni's *La Trilogia della villeggiatura (Vacation Trilogy)* a hold-over from last season; Bertolazzi's *El nost Milan (Our Milan)* and the first Italian version of the Brecht-Weill *Threepenny Opera.*

Il Piccolo Teatro would be an exceptional organization in any country, but in Italy its mixture of high professional standards and broad, adventurous taste is almost miraculous, since the Italian theatre is in general distinguished neither by high seriousness nor by low slickness. Though he is still in his thirties, the Piccolo's director Giorgio Strehler has, since shortly after the war, given Italy each year its most interesting, if controversial theatre. But the Piccolo, a particularly Milanese institution, rarely moves from its comfortable, red-plush home in via Rovello. Thus its appearance in Rome will cause theatre-goers to rejoice and, at the same time, will probably inspire the inter-city bickering that marks every aspect of Italian cultural life.

The theatre in Italy is perennially in a state of crisis, and a glance at this year's successful productions will give an idea why. Apart from the two successes at the Piccolo, there have been good productions by Luchino Visconti of *Uncle Vanya* and *The Crucible,* Renzo Ricci in *The Country Girl* and Eduardo De Filippo in his own new play *Bene mio core mio (My Love, My Heart).*

Now of these six works, two are American, three are revivals, and two are in dialect. (Bertolazzi's *El nost Milan* is in Milanese dialect and was first produced in 1893). In other words, there is no real contemporary theatre in the Italian language. There are of course playwrights, who write plays, but they have scarce success and even scarcer literary value.

The chief reason for this situation is linguistic. The fact is that written Italian is a literary, artificial language, and its artifice becomes even more apparent when it has to be spoken on a stage, presumably imitating real life. In real life, Italians speak, to greater or less degree, the tongue of their cities or their provinces, the vivid dialects.

Hence the success of American plays, where the artificiality of the translated language (and in many translations the characters address one another with the obsolescent *voi*) only seems "American." But this foreignness imposes a terrible burden on Italian actors, called upon to identify themselves with non-Italian situations and problems; alcoholism, for example, in *The Country Girl*—Italy has no alcoholics to speak of. The burden becomes even greater in plays like *The Crucible* and *Death of a Salesman* (its 1953 production was revived this year), where peculiarly American climates are explored.

THE best actors make the best of the situation; Ricci was moving as Frank Elgin in the Odets play, and Rina Morelli was effective in the Mildred Dunnock role in *Death of a Salesman.* But, surprising as it may seem to those who admire the vital acting in many Italian films, good actors are woefully rare on the Italian legitimate stage. A remark from Orson Welles is close to the truth: "Italy is a nation of actors, the worst of whom go on the stage."

Without good native plays, then, and without enough good actors to go round, the Italian director often falls back on visual values. The work of Visconti is an example; his productions are always so beautiful or so exciting to look at that one can almost overlook their graver defects. The sets and costumes for this year's *Uncle Vanya,* designed by a Visconti discovery Piero Tosi, were perfection, and looking at them, one could almost forget that the beautiful Eleonora Rossi-Drago was hopeless as Yelena and Paolo Stoppa miscast as Vanya. Almost, but not quite.

The exceptional achievement of Il Piccolo Teatro is that, in this grim landscape, it manages every year to give two or three plays that are not only handsomely mounted but also well acted. Strehler has created an invaluable sense of *équipe* in his group. All of Italy's plays are done by repertory companies, but most of them are scraped together for the season and are a mixture of aging leading ladies and recent graduates of the Academy of Dramatic Art forced to put on wigs and play character roles. The prestige of the Piccolo allows Strehler his pick of Italy's acting roster, and he exercises this power with great intuition. For the most part he avoids stars. In the Goldoni trilogy, for example, he found a young ingenue Valentina Fortunato, who proved herself invaluable in a long and difficult central role. And to support her, he used Jole Marino, a long-neglected actress who had once played with Duse, and Alfredo Bianchini, a young tenor, who gave an uproarious performance as an eighteenth-century sponger. In *The Threepenny Opera,* a former vaudeville comic makes an elegant Mr. Peachum. And in *El nost Milan,* a kind of Milanese version of *The Lower Depths,* a host of unknown dialect actors give color and life and wit to what is not so much a play as a collection of popular, bitter vignettes.

In fact, as the great postwar popularity of the De Filippo family proves, it is Italy's regional theatre which gives life to the Italian stage, as it has done from Goldoni's time. And though Eduardo's *Bene mio core mio* was not on a level with his past successes, it was still filled with his, and Naples', special irony and bitterness and humor; above all, it was a first-rate vehicle for Eduardo the actor, in the role of a mild, middle-aged bachelor, the victim of an aggressive spinster sister.

Though the theatre season still has a couple of months to run, it is not too early to balance the books. The final figures are, obviously, not promising; still, thanks to Goldoni, Strehler, Brecht and Naples, the Italian theatre may just barely finish in the black.

COMING NEXT WEEK
Spring Book Issue

Edmund Wilson, May Sarton, Josephine Herbst, John Lehmann, Lawrence Lipton, Kay Boyle, Richard Eberhart, Maxwell Geismar, Kenneth Rexroth, Harold Clurman and others.

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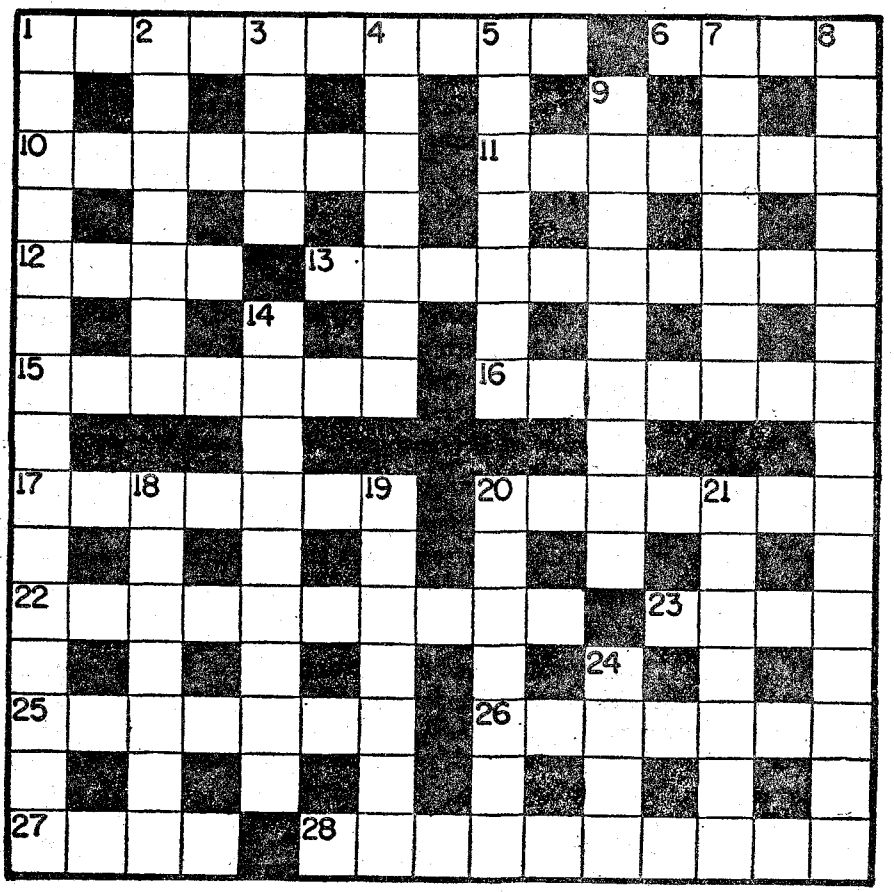
Crossword Puzzle No. 666

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Northern factories should be closed. (5,5)
6 About face! (4)
10 Kind of shot, resting in a broken sleep. (Rocks the little ones of course!) (7)
11 Even gas gets even this. (7)
12 Give her a little credit at first for a critical time! (4)
13 It might shed some light to learn "ABCD" a hard way. (10)
15 Some people take it as a slight reaction. (7)
16 and 27 across Even tho mail gets sorted, this arrived with the Showboat. (3,3,1,4)
17 Perhaps the last station, but not for the incoming mail. (7)
20 Offends, but shouldn't if you give a traveler a good one. (10)
22 An orchestra obviously takes the lead in this chorus. (10)
23 A chicken doesn't seem to have much understanding, but is still smart. (4)
25 Desired nothing less than a sort of dovecote. (7)
26 This must be a devil of a game to learn! (Help bring it back to the cutter.) (7)
27 See 16 across
28 Very elfish, but a 9 shouldn't behave so. (10)

DOWN

1 Certainly Plato and Socrates weren't. (15)
2 Fibrine, in short supply. (2,5)
3 This means absolutely nothing. (4)
4 The old-time way of calling a public conveyance? (One might insure your being good!) (7)
5 Approval put with 6. (7)
7 A leg-bar isn't necessarily painful. (7)
8 It is said, sits awkwardly on the plant, and certainly isn't acceptable. (15)
9 Arthur Wellesley seems to lose weight and is about to exist in a state of euphoria. (4-5)
14 Clemens had them abroad. (9)
18 Where one's man rises before four? (3,4)
19 Roll along. (7)
20 Bundle slightly more than what a duck does. (7)
21 Shook violently, with a demand to be quiet in town. (7)
24 Get up at (or rather before) eleven. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 665

ACROSS: 1 WITHERING; 6 RACER; 9 and 24 CLEAN SWEEP; 10 PUBLICANS; 11 and 12 SACRIFICE FLIES; 13 READS; 15 AUSTRALIA; 18 DETERGENT; 19 ENACT; 20 NAKED; 22 BULRUSHES; 25 ANTALKALI; 26 GOOSE; 27 TIRED; 28 OVERSLEEP. DOWN: 1 WICKS; 2 TRENCHANT; 3 ENNUI; 4IMPLICATE; 5 GABLE; 6 REINFORCE; 17 COATI; 8 RESISTANT; 13 REDUNDANT; 14 STRADDLED; 16 SATELLITE; 17 LOATHSOME; 21 KITER; 22 BRAVO; 23 URGES.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept. The Nation. 332 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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HOW FAST IS "TOO FAST"?

Negro proponents of desegregation of the public schools have been charged with "going too fast" and "pushing too hard."

Many who claim to be their friends have called them "extremists" and have warned them to "go slow." The Autherine Lucy case at the University of Alabama is cited as an example of "going too fast."

How fast is "too fast"?

Miss Lucy applied for admission in 1952, two years after the Supreme Court had ruled on June 6, 1950, in the University of Texas case, that a Negro applicant must be admitted.

Alabama took full advantage of the technicality that the Texas decision did not apply until a ruling came down on a specific Alabama case. Using various legal challenges, it delayed Miss Lucy until February 3, 1956.

Is crawling through the courts for three and a half years "going too fast"? Is an appearance of one woman student after so long a time "pushing too hard"?

Virgil Hawkins began his efforts to enter the University of Florida in 1949. On March 12, 1956, he was ordered admitted, but the semester is so far gone he cannot enter until next September.

After this seven-year struggle, the attorney general of Florida characterized the order of the Supreme Court as "precipitous and arbitrary."

How slow is "go slow"?

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Desegregation can go forward. Problems can be met and solved. Minds and hearts can be changed. It will take time, but a beginning must be made, in "good faith," to use the wise language of the Supreme Court.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has stood ready to cooperate in any "good faith" effort, anywhere. They and the many Southern white people of good sense and good will have been intimidated, vilified and smothered by extreme elements who have spread a blanket of lies, suspicion, ill-will and fear over the entire South.

It is not yet too late for sanity to assert itself—a sanity that recognizes that we are and must be a government of laws.

It is not too late for an honest look at the nakedly exposed second-class citizenship of Negro Americans and a declaration that, for America's sake as well as theirs, it shall not be the pattern for the next hundred years, as the extremists have proposed.

We can have moderation, but we must have movement. And creeping cannot be called "fast" nor standing still "slow."

Immediately following the public school desegregation decision of May 17, 1954, Dr. Channing H. Tobias, NAACP Board Chairman, set the tone of the Association's program of action in a message to Southern regional leaders of the NAACP.

"It is important that calm reasonableness prevail," Dr. Tobias said, "that the difficulties of adjustment be realized, and that, without any sacrifice of basic principles, the spirit of give and take characterize the discussions. Let it not be said of us that we took advantage of a sweeping victory to drive hard bargains or impose unnecessary hardships upon those responsible for working out the details of adjustment."

The Association has endeavored to follow this wise counsel. It needs, however, the moral and financial support of all who believe that steady progress must be made toward implementing the Court's decree. To this end we appeal for contributions to help carry on the task of desegregation with "all deliberate speed."

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